

54

DAY

in

MARY CARROW'S

SCHOOL



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A THIRD DAY

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MARY CARROW'S SCHOOL.

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### Third Day.



A group of happy little boys and girls, were Mary's scholars p. 15



# A THIRD DAY

IN

## MARY CARROW'S SCHOOL

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A  
THIRD DAY  
IN  
MARY CARROW'S SCHOOL.

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HISTORY OF MARY, THE TEACHER.

MARY rose very early in the morning, before five o'clock. She opened her chamber window to let in the fresh air, and she said aloud, "Oh! how beautiful is morning!"

The rain had ceased; but there were little shining drops all over the grass and on the leaves and flowers; the birds were up, sing-

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ing their morning songs, and the air was full of sweet-smelling odours. There was a grapevine, in blossom, just under Mary's window ; and a honeysuckle, which was trained up the wall on one side of it, and a sweet brier on the other side, both in full flower, sent out such a delicious fragrance that she stood there a long time to enjoy it.

Mary thought of her mother, who had died when she was a very little girl, and she remembered that her mother had taught her to get up early, and see the sun rise, and hear the birds sing, and snuff the fresh morning air. Her mother had told her that our heavenly Father intended we should enjoy the beautiful world which he had made. For this end he gave us all the flowers and

the green fields, and the springs of water, and the blue sky, and the clouds, and the high hills, and the music which the little birds made.

Then Mary repeated some verses from the Bible, which her mother had taught her to say, as they walked out together before she was old enough to read:

O Lord, how manifold are thy works !  
In wisdom hast thou made them all :  
The earth is full of thy riches.\*

Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening  
to rejoice.  
Thou visitest the earth and waterest it ;  
Thou makest it soft with showers ;  
Thou blessest the springing thereof.  
Thou crownest the year with thy goodness ;  
And thy paths drop fatness.

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\* Psalm civ, 24.

The little hills rejoice on every side.  
The pastures are clothed with flocks ;  
The valleys also are covered over with corn ;  
They shout for joy, they also sing.\*

Mary remembered that her good mother had taught her to try to think of her heavenly Father as soon as she awoke in the morning. She had told her that He watched over her while she slept, and that before she left her chamber, she should ask him to watch over her in the day as well as in the night, and help her to love him, that she might be a good and a happy little girl.

Mary thought of all these things as she stood by the window, and her heart was touched and warmed with love and gratitude to her heavenly Father, who had blessed

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\* Psalm lxy.

her, and watched over her all her life long. He had given her a good mother; and after He had taken her mother away to live in heaven with Christ Jesus our blessed Saviour, and all the holy angels and happy saints for ever and ever, He had still cared for her, and provided her with kind friends. Her father died when she was a baby, and her mother died when she was only nine years old; and now Mary had no parents; but she remembered that it is written in the Bible, God is a father of the fatherless.

Mary felt very happy. Her heart was full of love to God, her Saviour, and of thankfulness for his protecting care; and she sang the following little hymn, because it expressed her thoughts and desires on this beautiful

summer morning. She was quite alone in her chamber, where no one could hear her, but she knew that God could hear her.

THE TEACHER'S MORNING HYMN.

Father ! on this lovely morning,  
Up to Thee my thoughts take wing :  
With the little hills rejoicing,  
With the birds I sing.

All the air is filled with praises—  
All thy wondrous works proclaim,  
In one sweet harmonious chorus,  
“Hallowed be thy name !”

Father ! wilt thou warm and water  
*My heart* with Thy sun and showers,  
Even as Thy hand sustaineth,  
Birds, fruits and flowers.

While in love toward Thee it turneth,  
Thy rich blessing, oh renew !



As the lily's cup thou fillest  
With the grateful dew.

Up to me, sweet childhood looketh,  
Heart, and mind, and soul, awake,  
Teach me of Thy ways, O Father !  
For sweet childhood's sake.

In their young hearts, soft and tender,  
Guide my hand good seed to sow,  
That its blossoming may praise Thee  
Wheresoe'er they go.

Give to me a cheerful spirit,  
That my little flock may see  
It is good and pleasant service,  
To be taught of Thee.

Father, order all my footsteps;  
So direct my daily way,  
That in following me, the children  
May not go astray.

Let thy holy counsel lead me—  
Let thy light before me shine—

That they may not stumble over  
Word, or deed of mine.

Draw us, hand in hand, to Jesus,  
For his word's sake, unforgot,  
Let "the little ones come to me,  
And forbid them not."

Mary had been taught neat habits when she was a child, and she still observed them. She never left her chamber in the morning, until her bed was made, and every thing was put into its place. When she rose, she took off her night dress, and put on a dressing gown which hung in the wardrobe or clothes-press; then she took the bed-clothes from the bed, and turned them, with her night-dress, to the window, to air; then she shook up the bolster and pillows, and placed them on the

window-sill; and after she had combed her hair, and washed her person, and had thoroughly cleaned her teeth and nails, which occupied some time, she made her bed, and dusted the furniture before she finished dressing.

Such was the beginning of Mary's day. She always looked fresh and pure, and came down stairs in the morning with a pleasant face.



AFTER breakfast, Mary set out for school early, and alone; and she told Charles and Harry Linn and their sister Lucy, to come at school-time.

Mary walked slowly along, stopping by the way to gather a nosegay of wild flowers. She found violets and the delicate white anemone, and buttercups and daisies.

The grass was quite wet, but Mary did not mind that, for she had thick shoes on, and she made a beautiful bright nosegay for the school-room. She liked to make it look pleasant to her scholars, and she opened all the windows to let in the pure morning air, and placed her flower-pot where they could all see it. After she had arranged the room to



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Mary waiting for her scholars to come p. 15.

her liking, she sat down in the doorway to select a portion of Scripture for the evening reading; and then she read a chapter to herself, which was her daily practice. Mary was still sitting in the doorway thinking about what she had been reading, when her scholars began to arrive.

Carry Deacon was the first to come, and she ran up to Mary to kiss her, and tell her that she had not stopped on her way to school to see Mike Terry's kittens; she had only just peeped through the garden-railing as she passed by, to look at his rabbits—little white rabbits with pink eyes.

A group of very happy little boys and girls were Mary's scholars. They had now all collected for school on the green before the

door, and they were pressing round Charles Linn to see a new kite, which he had made at home, all himself. Mary had told Charles he might bring it to school with him if he would put it out of sight until recess time. Charles said to his little schoolmates:

We must put it away,  
Till we go out to play;  
And then we can try,  
How high it will fly.

Mary gave leave for all of them to go with Charles, down to the tool-house, in the wood, where they kept their playthings, to help him put it away. Some of them took hold of the kite, and one carried the little piece of wood on which the string was wound: and the little ones carried the tail of the kite.



After it was put away they all returned to school, in love and good humour one with another.

This was Geography morning. The lessons were first said, and afterwards Mary had those who studied the map, to find upon it all the places which they had described in their lesson. Then she took a long stick, or rod, for a pointer, and told them to stand off at a little distance from the map, so that they could not read the names of the places, and as she pointed out the rivers and towns, and bays and creeks upon the map, they could tell her what each one was named.

The geography lesson of the little ones, was a set of questions which Mary had prepared ; and my little readers who live in the

country may perhaps like to try to answer them.

In what country do you live?

In what State?

In what county?

Near what large town?

What do the farmers cultivate in the part of the country where you live?

In what month do they plant corn?

When do they plant potatoes?

When do they sow wheat?

When do they sow rye?

What kinds of fruit are produced in the orchards and gardens?

How is the market of the large town near which you live supplied with provisions for the people to eat?

When this class had taken their seats, Charles Linn came up to Mary, and whispered to her that he would like to ask a question. Mary gave him leave, and he asked if those who lived in towns would not starve, if the country people did not bring food to market for them to eat? "Mary," said Charles, very earnestly, "the people in the city could not do without country people, could they?"

Mary told him that people in the city could not get along very well without country people, and country people could not get along very well without them. The farmers take meat and vegetables, and grain and fruit, and butter and milk, to market, to sell to the citizens. They get money for all these things, and with the money which they get,

they buy from the shops and stores what they cannot buy at home. They buy books to read, and hats and shoes and other clothing, and sugar and molasses, and tea and coffee, and many other things which do not grow on farms in the country. We get all the books from which you learn your lessons, and the maps and slates and pictures and our Bibles too, from the book-stores in towns. And you would not like to do without any of these things, would you?"

Charles said, "No, indeed I should not."

Charles looked very thoughtful, and Mary asked him if there was any thing else he would like to know.

"I was thinking about something my father said at the breakfast table this morning.

I do not quite remember it, but I think he meant what you have been explaining to me. Will you please to make me understand, Mary?"

"I will try, Charles. Your father remarked that our all-wise and merciful Creator has so ordered our wants and needs, that all classes of men are dependent upon one another for support. He meant by this, that farmers and merchants, and mechanics and authors, and men of almost every honest occupation, and poor people and rich people are necessary one to another.

"In saying this, your father told us one of the most important truths of this kind which we can learn; but, you know, he was conversing with Doctor May, and he did not

speak so that a little boy like you could fully understand him.

“I will try to explain to you so much of what he said as you are capable of comprehending.” Charles looked very much pleased, and Mary said, “You know, your father took you to the city last week to see a ship. That ship belonged to a merchant, and how do you suppose he got it?”

Charles said he did not know.

“I will tell you,” said Mary. “A mechanic called a ship-carpenter built it for him. The merchant could not have built it for himself. He had to call a ship-builder, and tell him what he wanted, and then the ship-carpenter, with his men, built it, and the merchant paid him with his money. Do you see now how

merchants and mechanics are dependent upon one another?"

"Yes," Charles said.

"I will tell you more about a ship," said Mary. "You know, that when you came home, you told us about all that you saw in the ship. You said the ship had masts and sails, and ladders made of rope, on which the sailors went up to spread out the sails, or to take them in; and you saw the little house on the deck where the steersman stood to guide the ship over the ocean; and the cabin, furnished just like a parlour, and the berths for sleeping rooms.

"Before he could have all these necessary things in his ship, somebody must go into the woods and cut down the trees, out of which

all the timber was got, and then it must be sawed into large and small sticks and into boards and planks. Then, too, the merchant had to employ a sail-maker to make the sails, and a rope-maker to make the ropes, and a cabinet-maker to make sofas and tables. So you see that the merchant cannot carry on his business without the help of all these different workmen and tradesmen, and they could not get money unless they earned it by working at their trades. Then there must be a captain and mates, and sailors, to take the ship on her voyage, for she could not sail without them. The merchant pays them for taking care of his ship, and with the money they receive from him they support their



wives and children who stay at home while they are away at sea."

"I understand now, how merchants and mechanics are dependent upon one another," said Charles. "But, Mary, are all sorts of people dependent upon one another in the same way? Are we dependent upon merchants?"

"Yes," said Mary.

"The merchant's ship goes away across the ocean to foreign countries, and brings back sugar and salt, and tea and coffee, and cloth and silks, and many other things which we use in our houses. Do you see now, how we are dependent upon the merchants?"

"Yes," said Charles, "for we could not get these things unless the merchant brought them in his ship."

“Now, Mary, will you tell us, how we are dependent upon authors and doctors and mechanics?”

*Mary.* “Do you not know that printers and shoemakers and carpenters are mechanics?”

Charles said, “He never knew exactly what a mechanic was until Mary told him.”

*Mary.* “We could not get our books printed, you know, without the printers. We could not get our shoes made, without the shoemakers, and we should have no comfortable convenient houses to live in, if the carpenters did not build them for us.

“Authors are persons who write books, and if authors did not write books, printers could not print them; and you see that an author must write, and a printer must print what

he writes, before we can have our books to learn from.

“If we are sick, we send for a doctor, because he can tell what ails us. The doctor’s business is to learn a great deal about the human body, which we have no opportunity to learn. He knows where our brains lie; and where our heart is; and where the lungs are placed through which we breathe; and he can tell how our bones are knit together, and what is the office of every nerve and fibre and muscle in our bodies. His knowledge teaches him the laws by which we move our tongues and our heads and our limbs; and if we are sick, he knows that something within us is out of order, and that disease is the consequence, and he can often tell what

the disease is. Thus you see we are dependent upon the doctor, when we most need help, that is, when we are sick and cannot help ourselves. And if it pleases our heavenly Father that we should be restored to health, the doctor's knowledge of our bodies enables him to cure us."

*Charles.* "I know now, what my mother meant, when she said a little verse about God, after brother Harry got well of the measles."

*Mary.* "Will you repeat it Charles?"

"God blessed the doctor's skill;  
My heart is full of joy,  
That it has been Our Father's will  
To give me back my boy."

Mary's scholars were all listening to her talk with Charles Linn: and she told them that our heavenly Father designed all classes

of men to help one another, and he requires them to love one another too.

“Are we to love everybody, Mary?” asked Susan Field.

“Yes,” said Mary. “If we love God, we cannot help loving every one whom he has made: and if we do not love God, we cannot love our fellow beings as we ought to love them.”

“But we are not to love little dirty ragged boys and girls; are we, Mary?” said Susan.

*Mary.* “Yes! and we are to try to do them good: but we cannot love them and do them good unless we love our heavenly Father. If we ask our heavenly Father for his help, he will teach us by his good Spirit in our hearts how we may show our love to him. And if we love him, we shall feel as if we

wanted to do something even for poor little ragged boys and girls ; and when we help them, or instruct them, we shall find out in what ways the rich and the poor are dependent upon one another.

“And now, we must not talk any more at present : I intend to give you a long recess this morning. I promised you, you know, to go out with you to gather flowers and plants for our botanical exercise.”

Mary's little boys and girls went cheerfully to their seats to look over their reading lesson. Soon she heard them read aloud, one by one, first the large scholars, and afterwards the smaller ones, who were just learning to read, and she made them spell every word as they went along. When the reading was over,

they each repeated a Bible verse, which Mary required them to learn at home; and then Mary rang the little bell for a recess.

There was great alacrity in putting up books and slates, and soon every boy and girl was ready for a long walk with Mary.

Charles Linn ran off to the tool-house, and all the boys and girls after him, calling out:—

“Now for my kite! Now for my kite!”

When he attempted to take it out, he found that the bobs of paper, of which the tail was made, had been so twisted about and entangled in the string that he could not disengage them. The more he tried, the more entangled they became. The scholars were all round the kite, waiting to see how high it would fly; for Charles had told them it

would fly away almost up to the clouds, until it looked no bigger than one of their balls.

Mary had stopped to gather a bunch of dogwood blossoms, and now they all ran in search of her. They knew she could help Charles out of his trouble about the kite. They found her coming towards them; and she laid down her flowers and took the kite out of Charles' hand, and showed him how to disengage the papers from the string; and then she showed him how to prevent such a mishap in future, by putting it away more carefully.

Mary told Charles he must not attempt to fly his kite in the woods, for it would be taught in the tops of the trees. She led the way across a little stream of water, which



Mary first, and her scholars after her, had to jump over, into a fine open meadow. Soon up went the kite, and the boys cried out,

“Hurrah for the kite! Hurrah for Charles Linn’s wonderful kite!”

It rose higher and higher; and Charles was so proud of having them to praise his kite, that when he had unwound the string to the very end, he thought he would like to have it rise higher still, and very foolishly let go the end of the string.

Poor Charles! He had scarcely let it go when the kite began to come down, and presently it plumped into the water, near where they were standing. Charles looked as if he would cry—but Mary laughed and said—

“My kite, my kite ! I’ve lost my kite !  
Oh when I saw the steady flight  
With which it gained its lofty height,  
How could I know that letting go  
That paltry string would bring so low  
My pretty, buoyant, darling kite !  
My kite ! My kite ! how sad to think,  
It flew so high, so low to sink !”

“Never mind, Charles. Pick up your kite, and leave it here to dry, while we take our walk. We will not suffer the loss of a kite to spoil all our pleasure. Another time you must hold the string fast.” Charles looked very sorrowful ; but Mary helped him to get his kite out of the water, and then she took his hand, and said, “Come now, let us have a race.”

Mary took her scholars over the meadow, and they scampered about in high spirits ;

sometimes stooping to gather buttercups and violets; and then they would hold the buttercups under one another's chins, to see who loved butter best. Then they would play tag, and when they were tired of play they all sat down around Mary, on the grass, and she talked to them.

She showed them how perfectly the little flowers were formed, and how beautifully the leaves were coloured and shaded; and she told them that our heavenly Father made these to grow, for the delight of our eyes and to give us pure tastes. Then she pointed out to them the great variety of trees, and their blossoms, and their different odours. Mary wished her scholars to have as many enjoyments as their situation in life admitted of;

and she knew that little children who lived in the country, would enjoy life more if they were taught to observe what was wonderful and beautiful around them ; and she thought they would love God more, if she taught them that He made every thing that was beautiful and wonderful in the whole world. Eddy Forester was lying on his back upon the grass, and he said,

“ Mary, I like to look at the sky and the clouds ; and I like to see the sky when the sun sets ; for then God paints the clouds with gold and red and all the beautiful colours ; and I like to look at the sky in the evening, when the stars come out. When it is dark and I go to bed, I can see the sky through the window, and it makes me think

of God ; and the stars seem like eyes looking down upon me—like the angels' eyes—the angels that live with God in heaven.”

Charles Linn said he did not care about looking at the clouds and the sky. He would rather look at the cows eating grass.

“Look, Mary,” said Charles. “There, over in the other meadow, are the red cow and her calf. The calf is only four days old, and you know she is to be mine. And there is Brindle, chewing her cud under the great chestnut tree.”

Harry Linn said he liked horses better than cows, and his father allowed him to have a ride on the gray horse every morning before school.

Lily Forester was sitting on Mary's lap,

and Mary said, "And what does little Lily like best?" Lily said, she liked to play with Harry Linn better than any thing.

Then Carry Deacon came and put her arms round Mary's neck, and whispered to her that she loved her better than playing. Mary kissed Carry and patted her dimpled cheeks, and said to her :

"You are a dear, affectionate little girl, Carry, and I believe you think you love me better than play; but I do not mean to put your constancy to the trial. I hope we all love one another."

"Yes, that we do," said Charles Linn. "But hurrah for doing something! I am tired of doing nothing."

It was so pleasant out of doors to-day, that

Mary asked her scholars if they would like to have their botanical lesson in some shady place in the wood instead of the school-room. They all exclaimed "Yes!" and the little ones jumped about and clapped their hands for joy that they could stay out of doors a little longer.

After they had selected a shaded place, Mary sat down on the stump of a tree, and they gathered round her. Mary looked over the leaves and flowers which they had collected during their walk, and chose from them a plant which Carry Deacon had pulled up out of the earth. Mary selected this for the first lesson in botany, because it was a perfect plant, having a root, stem, branches and leaves. Mary had a way of her own of teach-

ing her scholars, and when she presented a new subject before them, her first object was to awaken their interest in it, so that they would desire to know more about it. She held up the plant before them, and asked who could tell her what it was?

The scholars all looked and seemed puzzled. Charles Linn said it was a flower; Eddy Forrester said it was a flower and something more than a flower; for it had green leaves; another said, "Yes, and it has a root and stems."

Mary told them it was a plant; that a flower with root, stem, leaves and branches, was called a plant. "And now," said she, "I will explain to you the uses of these parts of a flower.



“The root holds it fast in the earth ; and the root sucks drink from the earth, which keeps the plant alive, very much as the calf sucks milk from the cow to sustain it.”

Eddy Forester looked attentively at Mary while she was speaking, and she asked him if he understood her. “Yes,” said Eddy, “and I was thinking about the verse you say sometimes, which has ‘Mother Earth’ in it. Is the earth the mother of all plants?”

“Yes,” said Mary, “because they get their drink from her bosom, as very little children get their food from the bosom of their mother.

“Now,” said Mary, “I wish you to remember that the root of a plant is called an *organ*. The plant has other organs besides the root, and can you tell me what they are?” No

one answered, and Mary said, "The stem is an organ, and the branches and leaves are organs. I will tell you what the stem is for. The stem is a pipe, which conveys the nourishing drink that the root sucks in from the earth, up into the leaves and branches."

Mary's scholars came closer to her, for they liked to hear what she told them, because they could understand it all. Then Mary said, "I will tell you what the leaves and branches are for. The branches are between the stem and the leaves to carry the moisture from the stem into the leaves. The leaves of a plant have a number of small veins, which you can see if you examine them; and these veins have little mouths at their ends, wide open; and though they are so small you cannot see



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Happy children ! Away they skipped p 43

them without a microscope, yet the air passes into the plant through the mouths of these little veins. The plant could not live without air and water, any more than one of us could live without air and water; and our heavenly Father, who is as wise as He is kind and good, has furnished plants with these organs, through which they receive the sustenance which is necessary to preserve their life and health and beauty."

Mary questioned her scholars until she perceived by their answers that they thoroughly understood what she had taught them: and then she dismissed them for the morning.

Happy little children! Away they skipped through the woods to their respective homes, and Mary followed them with her eyes till they were quite out of sight.

IN the afternoon, Harry Linn came running to school out of breath, to remind Mary of a promise she had made him at home, that if he was a good boy, on the next sewing afternoon she would read aloud some stories about the sagacity and faithfulness of dogs. She told him she had not forgotten it, but the lessons must be said first. The larger scholars had definitions to say, and Harry's class had a spelling and reading lesson.

When the work-basket was brought out, Harry and Lily came up to Mary with pleasant smiling faces, to know if they might pass the work round to day. Mary told them they might, as they had been good little children.

Mary was very busy this afternoon. She

had work to oversee, and crewels to sort out, and copies to set for the boys, who did not sew, and figures to make on Harry Linn's slate. He was the only little boy in school who did not cipher. After all this was done, Mary read to them. When the large boys had finished their copies, they took their slates to do sums, and Mary instructed them and assisted them when they needed help. Mary never wearied the little ones with any one study or occupation; and when she observed that Harry Linn had made three rows of figures on his slate, and that Ellen Raby and Lily Forester had finished their little tasks of sewing, she called them to her to say the Multiplication Table in concert. Then she asked them some questions. Thus—

“Harry, if you had an orange, and Lily had two, and Ellen had three, and Lily and Ellen gave you their oranges, how many would you have? Harry answered, “Six.” Mary asked them a number of such questions, for she wished to make them understand what arithmetic was for, before she taught them to do sums on their slates.

Harry's father had shown him the picture of a blind beggar and his dog, at home, and there was a story about it, which Mary had promised to read aloud this afternoon.

#### THE BLIND BEGGAR AND HIS DOG.

A BLIND beggar used to be led about the streets of Rome by a dog of middle size. This dog led his master so as to protect him





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The Blind Beggar and his dog. p 46.

from all danger, and he learned to distinguish, not only the streets, but the houses where his master was accustomed to receive alms twice or thrice a week. Whenever the animal came to any of these streets, with which he was well acquainted, he would not leave it till a call had been made at every house where his master was usually successful in his petitions. When the beggar began to ask alms, the dog, being wearied, lay down to rest; but the master was no sooner served, or refused, than the dog rose, and without either order or sign, proceeded to the other houses, where the beggar generally received some gratuity. If a halfpenny was thrown from a window, such were the sagacity and attention of this dog, that he went about in quest of it, lifted it

from the ground with his mouth, and put it into his master's hat. Even when bread was thrown down, the animal would not taste it, unless he received a portion of it from the hand of his master. When the beggar was very weary, he would sometimes lean his head on the top of his staff and doze for a moment or two. Then the dog would sit down and watch him, and as soon as his master started, the faithful creature was up in an instant, ready for another march.

Mary's scholars thought that was a beautiful story, and they were eager to hear something more about dogs.

Mary told them, that if they chose to remain in school, instead of going out to play

at recess-time, she would read to them another story. So they all agreed to give up the recess-play, for the sake of another story.

#### KITTY GREEN AND THE DOG CAIRO.

Kitty Green was a little girl who lived with her uncle and aunt, in the country. Her uncle worked in the fields at harvest time; and Kitty liked to go out into the fields where he was making hay and tumble about in it. Sometimes her uncle would toss her up on the top of the wagon, when it was loaded with the sweet, fresh hay, and allow her to have a ride; and he called her his little harvester.

One afternoon, during the time of wheat

harvest, her aunt was very busy, and she asked Kitty, if she could carry out to her uncle, in the field, some biscuits and home-made beer. Kitty said she would like to go; and her aunt put the biscuits and beer into a little basket, and covered them over with a napkin, and gave the basket to Kitty to carry out to her uncle. Then she called the dog Cairo to go with Kitty, and she said to him,

“Now, Cairo, take right good care of your little mistress.”

Cairo came, and wagged his tail, and looked up at Kitty, as much as to say, Yes, I will take good care of her.

Cairo was very fond of Kitty, and he followed her all about, and when she went to school, he would often carry her dinner basket

all the way to school. They set off together, Kitty with the basket on her arm, and Cairo by her side.

Kitty was a great talker, and she chatted to Cairo all the way as they went. "Cairo," said Kitty, "you must be a very good dog, and help me to carry the basket, for I can tell you it is pretty heavy; and you need not put your nose into it either, and you must not wipe your mouth on the napkin, for my uncle will not thank you for that."

Cairo seemed delighted to have his little mistress talk to him, and he looked up at her, just as if he knew what she was saying. Before Kitty and Cairo got to the harvest-field, she was very tired; and she put the basket on the ground while she rested, and

then she took a romp with Cairo. Then she put one side of the handle into Cairo's mouth, and took hold of the other side herself, and she said, "Now, Cairo, do help me, and I will give you a part of my supper to-night. Do, that is a good, dear Cairo."

Cairo helped Kitty to carry the basket, and they brought it safely along to her uncle, who was very glad of the biscuits and beer. Kitty's uncle kissed her, and he stroked Cairo, and he said,

"Kind little Kitty, and kind little Cairo, to think of uncle when he was tired and hungry."

When he had done eating, he put the empty bottle and the napkin into the basket, and gave it to Kitty, and told her to walk



home as fast as she could, for a shower was coming up.

Off went Kitty and Cairo, and they trotted along together with the basket, which was quite light now. Kitty was a heedless little girl, and she soon forgot what her uncle had told her about the rain coming, and she loitered along, and stopped to play with Cairo. Presently Kitty was startled by a loud clap of thunder. Then she saw the bright lightning, and that was followed by a clap of thunder louder than the first. Kitty was very much afraid, and she trembled all over. No one had ever told her that her heavenly Father caused the lightning to cut through the clouds, and that the thunder was made by the clouds rushing together again after

the lightning had passed through them. Then she felt the large drops of rain on her neck, and she began to cry; for she did not think about God sending the rain, to make the grass grow and to give drink to the thirsty flowers. The rain fell very fast, and Kitty cried out, "Oh, Cairo, what shall we do?"

Cairo seemed to know that Kitty was in distress, and he took hold of her dress with his mouth, as if he would pull her along to a pile of wheat-sheaves, which were bound up in bundles. Kitty crept under them and sat down.

The faithful dog stayed close by her and tried to comfort her. He put his paws upon her shoulder and his head close up to her face, as if he would wipe off her tears. Cairo



Third Day.



Little Kitty Green and her dog Cairo. p. 54.

looked as if he would like to say, My dear little mistress, how I do pity you, what can I do for you?

Kitty sat there under the wheat-sheaves a long time, crying, and Cairo never left her for a moment. He looked up into her face, and rubbed his nose over her hands and arms, and there he stayed and guarded her as faithfully as any little sentinel could, until the rain was over.

When the rain was over, he took the basket in his mouth, and trotted home close by the side of Kitty.

The children were all so much delighted with the story of Kitty's affectionate little dog, that they begged Mary to read it twice.

Mary gratified them whenever she could, and she read it again to please them.

When the occupations of the afternoon were finished, Mary said, "It is time to put up the things:" but no one seemed ready for school to close. Mary liked to have her scholars think school was a pleasant place, but she did not allow them to overstay the usual time.

"You know," said she, "we are to have the Bible-reading yet."

The work was all gathered together by Harry Linn and Lily Forester; the books and slates were put into their places, the desks were neatly arranged, and then, teacher and scholars repaired to the oak tree in the wood, to have the Bible-reading.

Mary asked them if they remembered what she had read to them yesterday?

Carry Deacon said, "Yes, I remember. You read about Adam and Eve, and about our heavenly Father sending them away out of the beautiful garden of Eden where they lived, and that he sent them away because they were disobedient."

"And, Mary," said Eddy Forester, "you told us you would read to us next time about the way to get back again to God, and the beautiful garden which you called Paradise."

Mary read to her little scholars, the first, second and twelfth verses, in the second chapter in the first epistle of John; the eighth and twenty-third verses in the third chapter; and the seventh, eighth, ninth,



tenth and eleventh verses in the fourth chapter.

She then told them, that Jesus Christ our Saviour, was sent into the world, not only to show us the way to God and Paradise, (which is heaven,) but to fit us to go to that holy and happy place.

She explained to them, that when Adam and Eve had sinned, and our heavenly Father sent them out of the beautiful garden of Eden, he knew they could not be happy without him; and he pitied them, and loved them so much, that he sent his only Son, Jesus Christ, from heaven down to earth, to be their Saviour, and our Saviour, and the Saviour of the whole world.

Our heavenly Father knows all things, and



he knows how wicked the heart is, and that the wicked one who had tempted Adam and Eve to sin, would follow the sons and daughters of Adam and Eve wherever they went, and that he would tempt them to sin too, and to forget Him. And because he loved them, and us, and everybody, He sent his only begotten and dearly beloved son to be our Saviour, to die for us and to teach us how to avoid sin, and how to come to him and love him, and to love one another.

Eddy Forester said, "Mary, does the wicked tempter follow you and me and everybody?"

"Yes," said Mary, "and he is always trying to make us sin. He knows, that if he can prevail upon us to commit sin, we shall

be separated from God. He hates God, and every thing that is good, because, where God is, he cannot come. The greatest evil that can happen to any of us, is to be separated from God, by sin."

"If we stay close to God, the wicked one cannot hurt us, can he, Mary?" said Eddy.

"No! and if we ask Him, he will put his good Spirit in our hearts, and then there will be no room for the wicked one. This good Spirit of God, will guide us to the knowledge of our Saviour, and then we shall like to read about him in the Bible. You are too young to understand all that the dear Saviour has done, and suffered for us, to take away our sin and to make us the children of God; but I want you to think about Him

very often; and by and by, I hope you will know more than you do now."

"Then will we be our Saviour's little lambs, Mary," said Eddy, "the little lambs that you once read to us about, that he carried in his arms?"

"Yes," said Mary; "it is a long journey back to God and to Paradise, and sometimes there are very rough places to get over; and our Saviour loves his little lambs so dearly, that he carries them in his arms over all the rough places, and if we keep close to him, he can bring us safely into the Paradise of God."

Mary's little scholars seemed full of love, and they did not want to go home, they felt so safe and happy at school; but Mary told

## 62 THIRD DAY IN MARY CARROW'S SCHOOL.

them their fathers and mothers would be waiting for them, and now they must bid one another good-bye. Carry Deacon said they must have two kisses apiece from Mary; so she kissed them all twice, and then they went home.

It is good to begin the day with thoughts of God, if we would have his blessing upon its close.















The wise in heart shall be called prudent.

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